

# RAPTURE IN THE SUN

*Leland Jamieson*

*In memory of E.T.P., 1904-1981*

The navel oranges Mom arranged  
in her fresh centerpiece I changed  
but slightly, picking one to eat  
because it looked to be so sweet.

I salivated as I probed  
my thumbnail in the rind that robed  
the paler plugs inside of it,  
spraying sunlit air, bit by bit.

Its rind-oils misted my whole hand  
with essence of the toils Sun's spanned.  
Inhaled, they were intoxicating!  
Plug-bursts, on tongue? Ah! Captivating!

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